

The folklore and history of the location

William
Pat's Patch

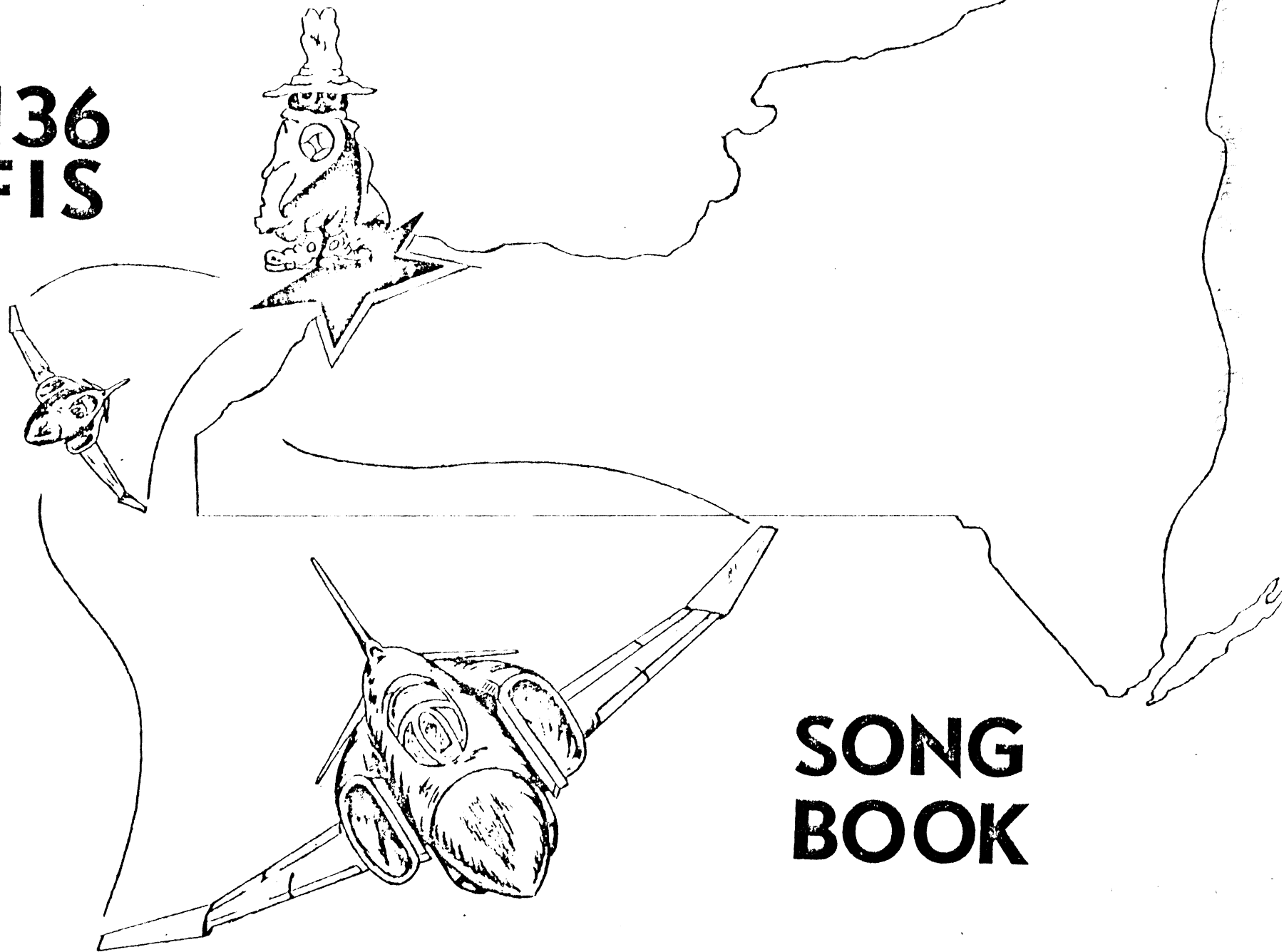


The number 136 is the number of the
barrage that was built in 1913.
The number 136 is the number of
the 136th FIS.

Patricia Garrow

April 10, 1990

**136
FIS**



**SONG
BOOK**

RAINBOW SQUADRON SONG

Here we are the Rainbow Warriors
Here we are the Rainbow Crew
Don't you love our pretty tail flash
its so nice we love it too

Hi Ziggy Zoom Bah Zoom Bah Zoom Bah
Hi Ziggy Zoom Bah Zoom Bah Day

Many hues adorn our rudder
Red and white and green and Blue
We patrol the skies around here
Keep them safe for me and you

Hi Ziggy Zoom Bah Zoom Bah Zoom Bah
Hi Ziggy Zoom Bah Zoom Bah Day

Silky scarves adorn our necks now
They're so nice and clean and soft
They were made from ladies panties
TAC made us take the lacing off

Hi Ziggy Zoom Bah Zoom Bah Zoom Bah
Hi Ziggy Zoom Bah Zoom Bah Day

We will try to keep our noise down
Tripping gaily through the skies
We just love it when were airborne
Showing our Rainbows can fly

Hi Ziggy Zoom Bah Zoom Bah Zoom Bah
Hi Ziggy Zoom Bah Zoom Bah Day

SONG FOR USELESS

OH, I WAS INTO WIPS AND CHAINS
SHE WAS INTO PAIN
TIED HER TO THE BASEMENT WALL
WHEN SHE'D CALL ME NAMES
BEAT HER BLACK AND BLOODY
TILL SHE WENT INSANE
OH, I WAS INTO WHIPS AND CHAINS
SHE WAS INTO PAIN.

OH, FINGER-FUCKING SALLY
WORKED AT KELLY'S BAR
SHE SHOWED ME HER TITTIES IN
RONNIE MURPHY'S CAR
SHE WAS THE FIRST LADY
TO LET ME GO THAT FAR
FINGER-FUCKING SALLY
DOWN AT KELLY'S BAR.

AND, PUSSY-EATIN PAMELA
WENT TO KELLY'S HIGH
CAUGHT HER IN THE BATHROOM
I THOUGHT SHE WOULD DIE
EATING SUSAN'S PUSSY
LICKED THAT SUCKER DRY
PUSSY-EATIN PAMELA
WENT TO KELLY'S HIGH.

OH, SUCK-EM-SILLY SHERLEY
CAME OUT AFTER DARK
SHE WOULD GIVE US HEAD JOBS
IN CENTENNIAL PARK
ALL THE GIRLS WOULD SNUB HER
SAID SHE WAS A NARC
SUCK-EM SILLY SHIRLEY
FROM CENTENNIAL PARK.

YES, GOOD OL' BLOODY MARY
ON THE RAG AGAIN
PUSSY-EATIN PAMELA'S
GOT BLOOD ON HER CHIN
SUCK-EM SILLY SHIRLEY
GOT CAUGHT AFTER DARK
FINGER-FUCKING SALLY
IN CENTENNIAL PARK

NOW, PUSSY-EATIN PAMELA
IN THE COUNTY JAIL
SUCK-EM SILLY SHIRLEY
LEFT TOWN ON A RAIL
THEY SENT BLOODY MARY
TO THE PEN FOR LIFE
ANNNNND.....
FINGER-FUCKING SALLY, SHE BECAME MY WIFE.

D.B. ROUTT (CAPON SONG)
(HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING)

HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING

D.B. ROUTT HAS LOST HIS THING,
NO TEMPTATION, NO DESIRE.

SING SOPRANO IN THE CHOIR,
DOUGIE'S SEX APPEAL HAS FADED

SINCE THEY HAD HIM CAS-TER-ATED
DOUGIE TELLS THE TIME BY WATCH,
SINCE HE WAS STREMLINED IN THE CROTCH

"TURKEY IN THE STRAW"

OHHHH! THE DIMPLES ON HER ASS ARE LIKE

2 BIG FLUMBS

AND THE NIPPLES ON HER TITS WOULD

MAKE A BLIND MAN COME

SHE'S A MEAN MOTHER FUCKER

SHE'S A GREAT COCK SUCKER

SHE'S YOUR GIRL, SHE FUCKS!

"CHORUS" AWAY, AWAY WITH THE PIPES & DRUMS
HERE WE COME FULL OF RUM
LOOKING FOR LADIES WHO PEDdle THEIR BUNS
IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON

THE FIRST MATE'S NAME WAS ANDY
BY GUM, HE HAD A DANDY
THEY SMASHED HIS COCK UPON A ROCK
FOR PISSING IN THE BRANDY.

THERE WAS A GIRL FROM MONTREAL
WHO SPREAD HER LEGS FROM WALL TO WALL
AND ALL SHE GOT WAS SWEET PUCK ALL
FROM THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON

THE CABIN BOY THE CABIN BOY
THE DIRTY LITTLE NIPPER
HE LINED HIS ASS WITH BROKEN GLASS
AND CIRCUMSIZED THE SKIPPER

IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD
AND WOMEN WEREN'T PARTICULAR
THEY LINED EM UP AGAINST THE WALL
AND SCREWED EM PERPENDICULAR

THE CABIN BOY THE CABIN BOY
THE DIRTY LITTLE NIPPER
THEY FILLED HIS BUM WITH CHEWING GUM
AND VULCANIZED THE SKIPPER

IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD
AND CONDOMS WEREN'T INVENTED
THEY WRAPPED A SOCK AROUND THEIR COCK
AND BABIES WERE PREVENTED

THE SECOND MATE'S NAME WAS CARTER
BY GOD HE WAS A FARTER
WHEN THE WIND DIDN'T BLOW & THE SHIP WOULDN'T GO
THEY GOT CARTER THE FARTER TO STARTER.

THERE WAS A GIRL FROM SIDNEY
WHO COULD TAKE IT UP TO THE KIDNEY
A MATE FROM QUEBEC PUT IT UP TO HER NECK
NOW HE HAD A BIG'UM DIDN'T HE.

THE ECKING GIRLS THEY APE THE SHITS
THEY HAVE NO CUNTS THEY HAVE NO TITS
THEY WACK YOU OFF WITH FROZEN MITTS
IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

THERE WAS A MAN NAMED HIGGINS
BY GOD HE HAD A BIG'UM
COULD STRING IT TWICE AROUND THE DECK
AND THE REST WAS USED FOR RIGGIN.

A SWABBY FROM NANTUCKET
HAD A COCK SO LONG HE COULD SUCK IT
HE SAID WITH A GRIN AS HE WIPED OFF HIS CHIN
IF MY EAR WAS A CUNT I COULD PUCK IT.

THERE WAS A WHORE FROM KALAMAZOO
WHO FILLED HER TWAT WITH CRAZY GLUE
SHE SAID WITH A GRIN THEY PAY TO GET IN
NOW THEY'LL PAY TO GET OUT AGAIN TOO.

THERE WAS A PIRATE NAMED BARNEY BATES
WHO FELL ON THE ICE IN HIS HOCKEY SKATES
RIGHT ON TO HIS OUTLASS, IT CUT HIM NEAR NUTLESS
AND MADE HIM NEAR USELESS ON PASSIONATE DATES.

THE THIRD MATE'S NAME WAS MORGAN
BY GOD HE WAS A GORGON
TEN TIME A DAY HE USED TO PLAY
UPON HIS SEXUAL ORGAN

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE WAS MABEL
WHENEVER SHE WAS ABLE
SHE'D FORNICATE WITH THE SECOND MATE
UPON THE GALLERY TABLE.

THE CAPTAIN HAD A DAUGHTER
WHO FELL INTO THE WATER
DELIGHTED SQUEELS REVEALED THAT BELLS
HAD FOUND HER SEXUAL QUARTER

IN SEARCH OF NEW SENSATIONS
IN THE FORM OF RECREATION
THE SHIP WAS SUNK IN A WAVE OF JUNK
FROM MUTUAL MASTURBATION.

LUPE

TWAS DOWN IN CUNT VALLEY WHERE RED RIVERS FLOW
WHERE WHORE MONGERS FLORISH AND COCK SUCKERS GROW
TWAS THERE I MET LUPE THE GIRL I ADORE
SHE'S MY HOT FUCKING, COCKSUCKING MEXICAN WHORE.

SHE GOT HER FIRST PIECE AT THE YOUNG AGE OF EIGHT
WHILE SWINGING ONE DAY ON THE OLD GARDEN GATE
THE CROSS BAR WENT OUT AND THE UPRIGHT WENT IN
EVER SINCE SHE HAS LIVED IN A WELTER OF SIN.

SHE'LL FUCK YOU SHE'LL SUCK YOU SHE'LL GROW
ON YOUR NUTS

SHE'LL WRAP HER LEGS AROUND YOU AND SQUEEZE
OUT YOUR GUTS

SHE'LL FUCK YOU AND SUCK YOU TILL YOU THINK
YOU'LL DIE

OH I'D RATHER EAT LUPE THAN MOM'S APPLE PIE.

OH LUPE DEAR LUPE LIES DEAD IN HER TOMB
THE WORMS CRAWL OUT OF HER DECOMPOSED WOMB
BUT THE SMILE ON HER FACE IS A MUTE CRY FOR MORE
SHE'S MY HOT FUCKING, COCK SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE.

NELLY DARLING

OH, YOUR ASS IS LIKE A STOVEPIPE, NELLY DARLING,
AND THE NIPPLES ON YOUR TITS ARE TURNING GREEN.
THERE'S A YARD OF LINT PROTRUDING FROM YOUR NAVEL.
YOU'RE THE UGLIEST FUCKING BITCH I'VE EVER SEEN.

THERE'S AN ODDER OF BLUE OINTMENT 'ROUND YOUR PUSTY.
WHEN YOU PISS, YOU PISS A STREAM AS GREEN AS GRASS.
THERE'S ENOUGH WAX IN YOUR EARS TO MAKE A CANDLE,
SO WHY NOT MAKE ONE, DEAR, AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS.

ADELINE SCHMIDT

THERE ONCE WAS A MAIDEN NAMED ADELINE SCHMIDT
SHE WENT TO THE DOCTOR CAUSE SHE COULDN'T SHIT
HE GAVE HER SOME MEDICINE ALL WRAPPED UP IN GLASS
UP WENT THE WINDOW AND OUT WENT HER ASS.

CHORUS: IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT FALLING DOWN
BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND
IT WAS BROWN, BROWN SHIT FALLING DOWN
THE WHOLE WORLD WAS COVERED WITH
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.

A HANDSOME YOUNG COPPER WAS WALKING HIS BEAT
HE HAPPENED TO BE ON THAT SIDE OF THE STREET
HE LOOKED UP SO BASHFUL, HE LOOKED UP SO SHY
AND A GREAT GLOB OF SHIT HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE EYE.

THE HANDSOME YOUNG COPPER, HE CURSED AND HE SWORE
HE CALLED THE YOUNG MAIDEN A DIRTY OLD WHORE
'NEATH LONDON BRIDGE HE IS NOW FORCED TO SIT
WITH A SIGN ROUND HIS NECK SAYING "BLINDED BY SHIT"

I LOVE MY GIRL

I LOVE MY GIRL, YES I DO, DEED I DO

I LOVE HER TRULLY

I LOVE THE HOLE THAT SHE PISSSES THROUGH

I LOVE HER TITS, TIDDLY TITS, TIDDLY TITS

AND HER LITTLE BROWN ASS HOLE

I'D EAT HER SHIT, GOBBLE, GOBBLE, SLURP, SLURP

WITH A RUSTY SPOON

ROLL ME OVER

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE
(MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN)

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE BY THE ROADSIDE.
I KNEW RIGHT AWAY SHE WAS DEAD.
THE SKIN WAS ALL GONE FROM HER TUMMY,
THE HAIR WAS ALL GONE FROM HER HEAD.

AND AS I LAY DOWN THERE BESIDE HER,
I KNEW RIGHT AWAY I HAD SINNED.
SO I PRESSED MY LIPS TO HER SWEET PUSSY,
AND SUCKED OUT THE WAD I'D SHOT IN.

SUCKED OUT, SUCKED OUT,
I SUCKED OUT THE WAD I'D SHOT IN, SHOT IN
SUCKED OUT, SUCKED OUT,
I SUCKED OUT THE WAD I'D SHOT IN.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE
THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS
YOU MAY SEARCH EVERY WHERE
BUT NONE CAN COMPARE
WITH MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE
THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS
AND SOMEDAY FOR MY SAKE
SHE MAY LET ME TAKE
THE BLOOM FROM MY WILD IRISH ROSE

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

SALLY IN THE ALLEY SITTING CINDERS
RAISED UP HER LEG AND PARTED LIKE A MAN
THE WIND FROM HER BLOOMERS, BROKE FOURTEEN WINDOWS
AND THE CHEEKS OF HER ASS WENT;

BAM! BAM! BAM!

NOW THIS IS NUMBER ONE AND THE SONG HAS JUST BEGAN

CHORUS: ROLL ME OVER, LAY ME DOWN, AND DO IT AGAIN.
ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER
ROLL ME OVER, LAY ME DOWN, AND DO IT AGAIN

NOW THIS IS NUMBER TWO, AND HE'S GOT ME IN A STEW.

NOW THIS IS NUMBER THREE, AND HIS HAND IS ON MY KNEE.

NOW THIS IS NUMBER FOUR, AND HE'S GOT ME ON THE FLOOR.

NOW THIS IS NUMBER FIVE, AND HIS HAND IS ON MY THIGH.

NOW THIS IS NUMBER SIX, AND HE'S GOT ME IN A PIX.

NOW THIS IS NUMBER SEVEN, AND I THINK I WENT TO HEAVEN.

NOW THIS IS NUMBER EIGHT, AND THE DOCTOR'S AT THE GATE.

NOW THIS IS NUMBER NINE, AND THE TWINS ARE DOING PINE.

NOW THIS IS NUMBER TEN, AND HE'S STARTED ONCE AGAIN.

PUBIC HAIRS
(BABY FACE)

PUBIC HAIRS, YOU'VE GOT THE CUTEST LITTLE PUBIC HAIRS
THERE'S NOT ANOTHER THAT CAN COMPARE, PUBIC HAIRS.
PENIS OR VAGINA, NOTHING COULD BE FINER.
PUBIC HAIRS, I'M UP IN HEAVEN WHEN I'M IN YOUR UNDERWEAR.
I DIDN'T NEED A SHOVE TO TAKE A MOUTHFUL OF YOUR PRETTY
PUBIC HAIRS.

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

There was a man, he was no good
He took a girlie in the wood, He flies Fighters
Then he took off all her clothes,
And her shoes and her hose, He flies Fighters
He took her where nobody else could find her,
Took a string and tied her hands behind her---
Blacked her eyes and everything
Walked away and began to sing, Fighters, I'll fly

GHOST FUCKERS IN THE SKY
(GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY)

AN OLD COWPOKE WENT RIDING OUT ONE DARK AND WINDY DAY,
STOP BENEATH A SHADY TREE AND PAUSED TO BEAT HIS MEAT,
WHEN ALL AT ONCE A SLANT-EYED BITCH CAME RIDEN DOWN THE TRAIL.
HE STOPPED HER AND ASKED HER, "HOW 'BOUT A PIECE OF TAIL?"

CHORUS: YIPPEE-YI-YEAAAAA, YIPPEE-YI-YOOOOO
GHOST FUCKERS IN THE SKY.

HER TITS WERE ALL A-FLOPPIN',
HER DUNT ATE OUT WITH CLAP
HE SOCKED IT TO HER ANYWAY AND GAVE HER ASS A SLAP.
SHE SHIT, SHE MOANED. SHE THREW HIM FROM HRE CRACK.
HE ROLLED ACROSS THE DESERT AND BROKE HIS FUCKING BACK.

BLESS 'EM ALL

BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL,
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL,
BLESS ALL THE INSTRUCTORS,
WHO TAUGHT ME TO FLY
SENT ME UP SOLO AND LEFT ME TO DIE.
IF EVER YOUR BLOW JET SHOULD STALL,
THOUGHT IN FOR ONE HELL OF A FALL.
NO LILLYS OR VIOLETS FOR DEAD FIGHTER PILOTS.
SO CHEER UP MY LADS, BLESS 'EM ALL.

BLESS 'EM ALL, BLESS 'EM ALL,
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL,
BLESS ALL THE SERGEANTS,
THE FAT HEADED ONES,
BLESSED ALL THE AIRMAN WITH THEIR DOPEY SONS,
CAUSE WE'VE SAYING SO-LONG TO THEM ALL.
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL
THERE'LL BE NO PROMOTIONS THIS SIDE OF THE OCEAN
SO WHILE WE ARE HERE, BLESS 'EM ALL.

MAC DAVIS SONG

OH, LORD, IT'S HARD NOT TO STUMBLE
WHEN YOU DRINK FORTY DOUBLES A DAY
I CAN'T WAIT TO GO DOWN IN TYNDALL
TO SHOW ALL THE WOMEN HOW TO PLAY

TO BLOW ME IS TO LOVE ME
I MUST HAVE ONE HELL OF A GLAND
OH, LORD, IT'S HARD NOT TO STUMBLE
BUT WE'RE DOING THE BEST THAT WE CAN

NIAGARA HAD SOME MISSILES
SUPPOSED TO GO FOR HEAT
INSTEAD THEY WENT FOR THE SHARKS
NOW THEY'RE WASHING UP ON THE BEACH

OH, WHERE OH WHERE ARE THE TEXANS
DO YOU KNOW IF THEY'LL EVER COMPETE
THEY'VE YET TO FLY TWO MISSIONS
AT THIS HERE GOD DAMNED MEET.

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless old man Republic for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cursing him yet;
For he tried to go over the wall
With his tiptanks, his tailpipes and all,
The needles did cross and the wings did come off --
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

Well, bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball,
Bless all those instructors who taught me to fly,
Sent me to solo and left me to die;
If ever your blow jet should stall,
Well, you're due for one hell of a fall
No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots --
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

AIR FORCE SONG

OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER,
CLIMBING HIGH, INTO THE SUN.
HERE THEY COME ZOOMING TO MEET OUR THUNDER,
AT 'EM BOYS, GIVE HER THE GUN.
DOWN WE DIVE, SPOUTING OUR FLAME FROM UNDER,
OFF WITH ONE HELL OF A ROAR.
WE LIVE IN FAME, OR GO DOWN IN FLAME,
NOTHING CAN STOP THE U.S. AIR FORCE.

MINDS OF MEN FASHIONED A CRATE OF THUNDER,
SENT IT HIGH INTO THE BLUE.
HANDS OF MEN BLASTED THE WORLD ASUNDER,
HOW THEY LIVED, GOD ONLY KNEW.
SOULS OF MEN DREAMING OF SKIES TO CONQUER,
GAVE US WINGS OVER TO SOAR.
WITH SCOUTS BEFORE AND BOMBERS GALORE
NOTHING CAN STOP THE U.S. AIR FORCE.

OFF WE GO INTO THE BLUE SKY YONDER,
KEEP YOUR WINGS LEVEL AND TRUE.
IF YOU'D LIVE TO BE A GRAY-HAIRED WONDER,
KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF THE BLUE.
FLYING MEN GUARDING OUR NATION'S BORDERS,
WE'LL BE THERE FOLLOWED BY MORE.
IN ECHELON WE CARRY ON,
NOTHING CAN STOP THE U.S. AIR FORCE.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS,
MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
A HAND JOB IN A PEAR TREE

2ND DAY - TWO BRASS BALLS

3RD DAY - THREE FRENCH TICKLERS

4TH DAY - FOUR COCKSUCKERS

5TH DAY - FIVE MOTHER - PUCKERS

6TH DAY - SIX SACKS OF SHITS

7TH DAY - SEVEN SCROTUMS SWINGING

8TH DAY - EIGHT ASSHOLES ACHING

9TH DAY - NINE NYMPHO'S NIBBLING

10TH DAY- TEN TITS A-TINGLING

11TH DAY- ELEVEN LESBIANS LICKING

12TH DAY- TWELVE TWATS A-TWITCHING

SIXTEEN TIMES
(SIXTEEN TONS)

SOME PEOPLE SAY A MAN IS MADE OUT OF FEAR
BUT A FIGHTER PILOT'S MADE OUT OF WHISKEY AND BEER,
WHISKEY AND BEER, RUM AND GIN,
IF YOU FLY THE DOT, YOU'RE SURE TO SPIN IN

CHORUS: YOU FLY SIXTEEN TIMES AND WHAT DO YOU GET?
ANOTHER DAY OLDER AND YOUR WEAPON IS BENT.
ST. PETER, DON'T YOU CALL ME, I'M WEAK AND LAME,
I LOST MY ASS IN A POKER GAME.

I WOKE ONE MORNING WHEN THE SUN DIDN'T SHINE.
GOT MY CHUTE AND WENT DOWN TO THE LINE,
DOWN TO THE LINE TO FLY THE F-4C,
BUT IT WAS RAINING SO HARD THAT I COULDN'T SEE.

THEY BLEW THE WHISTLE WHEN I WAS STILL IN THE RACK,
I THOUGHT, "MY GOD, WE ARE UNDER ATTACK",
RAN TO MY BIRD BUT IT WAS ALL IN VAIN,
WAS JUST ANOTHER SILLY FUCKING COMMAND POST GAME.

TOOK OFF ONE MORNING WITH BLOOD IN MY EYE,
I'D HAD MY FILL OF KIMCHI AND RYE,
PICKLED ON A BOME PASS AND THE GUN FELL FREE.
THEY'RE GOING TO HANG MY ASS FROM THE NEAREST TREE.

WHEN YOU SEE ME COMING BETTER BREAK TO THE RIGHT,
CAUSE THE JUVATS AND THE PANTHERS HAD A PARTY LAST NIGHT.
MY EYEBALLS ARE RED AND I'M AS MEAN AS A BEAR,
BELIEVE ME, HUSTER, BETTER CLEAR THE AIR.

KOTEX SONG
(CASSONS GO ROLLING ALONG)

YOU CAN TELL BY THE SMELL THAT SHE ISN'T FEELING WELL,
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND.
HOW SHE TURNS, HOW SHE SQUIRMS, HOW SHE GETS A CASE OF WORMS,
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND.
FOR IT'S HI - HI - HEE IN THE KOTEX INDUSTRY.
CALL OUT YOUR SIZES LOUD AND STRONG:
SUPER - JUNIOR - BAND-AID.
FOR WHERE ERE YOU GO, THE BLOOD WILL ALWAYS FLOW,
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND.

NO BALLS AT ALL
(SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE)

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL NAMED SARAH MCFOX
WITH HAIR ON HER CHEST AND CHEESE IN HER BOX
SHE MARRIED A MAN NAMED PATRICK MCCALL.
WITH A VERY SHORT PETER AND NO BALLS AT ALL.

CHORUS: NO BALLS AT ALL,
NO BALLS AT ALL,
A VERY SHORT PETER AND NO BALLS AT ALL.

THE VERY FIRST NIGHT THAT THEY WERE WED,
THEY TOOK OF THEIR CLOTHES AND WENT STRAIGHT TO BED.
SHE REACHED FOR HIS PECKER, IT WAS VERY SMALL.
SHE REACHED FOR HIS BALLS, HE HAD NO BALLS AT ALL.

NOW MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, OH, WHAT SHALL I DO?
I'VE MARRIED A MAN WHO NEVER CAN SCREW.
I REACHED FOR HIS PECKER, IT WAS VERY SMALL.
I REACHED FOR HIS BALLS, HE HAD NO BALLS AT ALL.

OH DAUGHTER, DEAR DAUGHTER, DON'T YOU BE SAD.
IT WAS THE SAME TROUBLE I HAD WITH YOUR DAD.
THERE'S MANY A FIGHTER PILOT WHO WILL COME TO THE CALL,
OF THE WIFE OF A MAN WHO HAS NO BALLS AT ALL.

THE DAUGHTER WENT HOME, TOOK HER MOTHER'S ADVICE,
AND FOUND THE RESULTS EXCEEDINGLY NICE.
A BOUNCING YOUNG BABY WAS BORN IN THE FALL,
TO THE WIFE OF A MAN WHO HAD NO BALLS AT ALL.

MARY ANN BURNS

MARY ANN BURNS WAS QUEEN OF ALL THE ACROBATS
SHE CAN DO TRICKS THAT WOULD GIVE A MAN THE SHITS
SHE CAN ROLL GREEN PEAS OFF HER FUNDAMENTAL ARIFICE
DO A DOUBLE FLIP AND CATCH THEM ON HER TITS
SHE'S A GREAT BIG SON-OF-A-BITCH OH TWICE AS BIG AS ME
HAIRS 'ROUND HER ASS LIKE BRANCLES ON A TREE
SHE CAN SWIM, FISH, FIGHT, FUCK, FLY A PLANE, DRIVE A TRUCK,
MARY ANN BURNS IS THE GIRL FOR ME.

FIGHTER PILOTS

OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL
OH THE PLACE IS FULL OF QUEERS, NAVIGATORS, BOMBARDIERS
BUT THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES
THEY ARE OFF ON FOREIGN SHORES, MAKING MOTHERS OUT OF WHORES
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES.

OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN JAPAN
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN JAPAN
THEY ARE ALL ACROSS THE BAY, GETTING SHOT AT EVERY DAY
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN JAPAN

OH THERE ARE NO BOMBER PILOTS IN THE FRAY
OH THERE ARE NO BOMBER PILOTS IN THE FRAY
THEY ARE ALL IN USO'S WEARING RIBBONS, FANCY CLOTHES
OH THERE ARE NO BOMBER PILOTS IN THE FRAY.

OH THE BOMBER PILOT'S LIFE IS JUST A FARCE
OH THE BOMBER PILOT'S LIFE IS JUST A FARCE
THE AUTOMATIC PILOT'S ON, READING NOVELS IN THE JOHN
OH THE BOMBER PILOT'S LIFE IS JUST A FARCE.

OH THE BOMBER PILOT NEVER TAKES A DARE
OH THE BOMBER PILOT NEVER TAKES A DARE
HIS GYROS ARE UNCAGED, AND HIS WOMEN OVERAGED
OH THE BOMBER PILOT NEVER TAKES A DARE,

OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS UP IN WING
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS UP IN WING
THE PLACE IS FULL OF BRASS, SITTING ROUND ON THEIR FAT ASS
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS UP IN WING.

OH IT'S NAUGHTY NAUGHTY NAUGHTY BUT IT'S NICE
IF YOU EVER DO IT ONCE YOU'LL DO IT TWICE
IT'LL WRECK YOUR REPUTATION, BUT INCREASES THE POPULATION
OH IT'S NAUGHTY NAUGHTY NAUGHTY BUT IT'S NICE

OH LOOK AT THE 914th IN THE CLUB
OH LOOK AT THE 914th IN THE CLUB
THEY DON'T PARTY, THEY DON'T SING, 107th DOES EVERYTHING
OH LOOK AT THE 914th IN THE CLUB.

WHEN A BOMBER JOCKEY WALKS INTO OUR CLUB
WHEN A BOMBER JOCKEY WALKS INTO OUR CLUB
HE DON'T DRINK HIS SHARE OF SUDS, ALL HE DOES IS FLUB HIS DUE
OH THERE IS NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL.

(PEACEFUL UNSUSPECTING TCHEPONE)

RELEASE ALTITUDE & THE PIPPERS NOT RIGHT
I PRESS JUST A LITTLE TO LAY EM IN TIGHT
I PICKLE THOSE BEAUTIES AT 2 POINT 5 GRAND
STARTING MY PULL AND IT ALL HITS THE FAN.
A BLACK PUFF IN FRONT, THEN TWO ON THE RIGHT
SIX ON EIGHT MORE SO I SUCK IT IN TIGHT
THERE'S SMALL ARMS & ~~TRACONS~~^{TRACERS} & HEAVY ACK ACK
IT'S SCATTERED TO BROKEN WITH ALL KINDS OF FLACK
I JINK TO THE LEFT THEN HEAD OUT FOR THE BLUE
MY WINGMAN SAYS, "~~LEAD~~^{LEAD}, THERE SHOOTING AT YOU."
"NO BULL," I CRY AS I POINT IT TOWARD HOME
STILL COMES THE FIRE FROM DEADLY TCHEPONE

(OH DON'T GO TO TCHEPONE)

I MAKE IT BACK HOME WITH 6 HOLES IN MY BIRD
WITH THE COLONEL WHO SENT ME I'D SURE LIKE A WORD
BUT HE'S NOWHERE AROUND THOUGH I'VE LOOKED NEAR AND FAR
HE'S GONE BACK TO 7TH TO HELP RUN THE WAR
I'VE BEEN ROUND THIS COUNTRY MANY A DAYS
AND I'VE SEEN ALL THE THINGS THAT THEY'RE TROWING MY WAY
I KNOW THERE ARE PLACES I DON'T LIKE TO GO
DOWN IN THE DELTA & IN TALLY HO
AND I'LL BET ALL MY FLIGHT PAY A JOCK AIN'T BEEN BORN
WHO CAN KEEP ALL HIS COOL WHEN HE'S OVER TCHEPONE

(OH DON'T GO TO TCHEPONE)

Lydia Fish
Anthropology 144

The Folklore and Folklife of the Air Force

Patricia Garvey
098-66-6604
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The collection project I have done contains the folklore and folklife of the Air Force. I have researched lore on both the Vietnam War and World War II. The Vietnam War is the one I concentrated the most on because I felt it was the more interesting of the two.

My fieldwork included library resources, personal interviews, and a visit to the Clarence Town Hall Historical Society displaying Vietnam memorabilia.

Topics discussed and researched in this paper include songs, jargon, mottos, pranks, games, traditions, and stories. I hope that this material that I collected is as enjoyable for you to read as it was for me to collect.

Finding people to interview for my topic was very difficult. I had a hard time finding Veterans of the Air Force either from the Vietnam War or World War II. At first I was not very successful in my attempts to get interviews. I persisted and finally got results. Some of the places I called were many of the Veterans of Foreign Wars posts (VFW), The American Legion, Vietnam Veterans Chapter 77, and the Niagara Falls Air Base. Eventually I received contacts from the air base in Niagara Falls and from one of the VFW posts. Also, one of my counselors had introduced me to a faculty member who was very helpful.

My contact at the air base was a civilian by the name of Neil E. Nolf. He had given me the name of a Pilot in the Vietnam War ^{who} ~~and~~ flew B52s. This pilot's name was Lt.Col. Kurt Novak. I also spoke to Mr. Bill Wharam who gave me the tour of the Historical Society which contained the war memorabilia. The other person I received a lot of information from was Mr. Givens who was ^aCol. in World War II. He is the Assistant Director of Residence Life at Buffalo State College.

Trying to ^{find} resources from the library was probably the hardest task of the collection project. There were not many books, periodicals, and others, that were just about folklore. It was a very time consuming part of the project.

Every person who I met with were very helpful and and they were also delightful and interesting to speak with. They all had different stories and different ways about themselves which made it all the better to interview. There was not a boring moment in all the time I did my fieldwork except in finding the library resources on my topic. Until I found the information, from then on the the project was facinating, but a great deal of work.

For six years Lt. Col. Kurt Novak was a part of the Vietnam War. He was stationed in Southeast Asia and the Phillipines. Col. Novak flew the B52 and the C130, three years each. He called this six year career , "Living in a Nutshell." Now he works in Intelligence as a Second Lt. at the Niagara Falls Air Base. Luckily I got to speak with him when I ^{did} ~~could~~ because the following ^{day} ~~he~~ was going to go to Panama for two weeks to fly ~~on~~ ^{on} missions.

He seemed to be a very nice and intelligent man in his early forties. At first he was quiet, but when I told him what my collection project was on he became very informative and, in a way, excited because it was a chance ~~for~~ ^{for} him to talk about his experiences.

First of all Col. Novak spoke about the living quarters and what they were like. They were called Hooches and they were about the size of a refrigerator box. There were ~~for~~ ^{four} people to each Hooch which seemed to be very cramped. He also said they got really hot and uncomfortable.

For Col. Novak there were not many things to do in his free time except to fly (when there were missions), go to the beach, shop, and drinking. Drinking was a big part of the war. He said that mostly everyone drank and when they did they got drunk. Missions were from

eight to twenty-four hours long and not all pilots had the same times. If one pilot had a mission eight hours long then he would fly the next day. If a pilot had a twenty-four hour long mission then he would have the next day off. This was ^{not} always the same for each pilot because each pilot had different hours.

There were many types of jargon used in Col. Novak's squad. Such vocabulary words used were:

Zipper Heads- a name for the Vietnamese
Slopes- another name for the Vietnamese
T-Lock- a Vietnamese girlfriend
Hooch- the living quarters of the squad
Donut Dollies- U.S.O. and Red Cross girls.
They got their name because
they served donuts and coffee
to Americans
Grunts- the lower officers
The "O's"- the officers
The "E's"- the enlisted

In Col. Novak's squad there were ~~also~~ many pranks and customs. One such custom was that every pilot who completed 100 missions received a hose down. This was when the local fire department and other pilots would come to run way after the pilot got out of his plane. The fire department would hose the pilot down while the other pilots would cheer for the pilot's victory. This was suppose to be a happy time for the pilot.

Some pranks that were common among the pilots were for the men of a lesser rank. One prank that was played was used on the navigators. The pilots took the radar scope, that was round and fit around the nose and eyes, and pressed ^{-x} against a piece of carbon. When the navigator used it he would have a big ring around his face and from then on he would be mocked out.

Another prank was taking the helmets that were worn and line them with Ben-Gay giving the person a cool and tingling feeling on their head. This was also a pretty bad smelling prank. Short sheeting was a prank played on the new members of the Hooch. This was when the sheets of the beds were folded in such a way that when the person tried to get into the bed they would not be able to get their legs through.

There were also certain games that were played. Most of the games were played for the main reason which was to get free drinks. One game was called Dead Bug. A person in the bar would be told in advance to say this. When this was said everyone in the bar was to fall down on the ground as fast as they could landing on their back with their legs and arms in the air like a dead bug. The last person to do this bought the next round of drinks for everyone in the bar. If you are a fast person then you might just get free drinks all night.

The Folklore and Folklife of the Air Force

There was also a game using a dollar bill. On would have to guess a certain sequence of numbers in bill's serial number. This was another way to get free drinks, but only if you had the correct sequence which was rarely guessed and often right. One thing about losing that was not that bad, was that the drinks were fairly inexpensive. A glass of beer was 25¢ while a mixed drink was 35¢.

Finally Col. Novak began to go blank and he could not think of any more so he made some calls to other people who could possibly help me out. He made some contacts so he took me to the Air Base's OPS where I spoke with three other people who gave me more information. I had never expected nor prepared to speak with others, but was very thankful and grateful to Col. Novak for his help and efforts in trying to get me some more information.

Lt. Col. Novak took me over to the OPS station and introduced me to Captain Ziemba, Major Stuchell, and Major Lane. They all sat around me in one of the lounges and talked with me for about an hour. All three of them brain stormed together and gave me some more information that was different of Col. Novak's.

Some of the call signs that they used in Vietnam and even now are:

Willco- I will comply
RTB- return to base
Bandits- the enemy
Bogies- the unidentified

Clock positions were also used in determining where the enemy was located. For example, one would say check your six. This would mean that there was an enemy behind you.

For each ranking there were certain nicknames for the pilots. The Second Lt. was named Brown Bars, the Captain was Railroad Tracks, the Lt. Col. was the Oakleaf, and the Col. was referred to the Eagle. These names came from the insignias worn on their uniforms.

The officers came up with one other prank too that Col. Novak did not mention earlier. It was when a lower ranked officer was asked to go to a plane that had just landed to get a can of Prop Wash. As it turns out there is no such thing as Prop Wash. This was just a way to get the officer out there and then he would get wind blown because the propellers of the plane would still be rotating.

There are a couple of sayings I forgot to mention earlier like shithot, which meant really good. Another way of saying this in better terms was Sierra Hotel. Two other terms were feet wet and feet dry. Feet wet was said when a pilot was over water and feet dry was said when a plane was over land.

One tradition that Major Stuchell told me was that everybody in the OPS wears civilian clothes. They do not wear hats, uniforms, or have really short hair cuts. The only time they do this is when they have missions or meetings and conferences. Although they do not do this they are still the best in all of the active duties. When I got to the Air Base I expected to see everybody in uniforms and people saluting each other. But it was completely different, ^{though} this did not mean they could not perform professionally because they ^{did} ~~were~~. Major Stuchell also told me that all the people in his squad were very close knit and seemed to be all family. He said that sometimes they were closer to each other than even their ^{own} families. They had a certain trust in each other and they had to be dependent upon one another when there was a problem.

After my interview at the OPS they sent me to one more place for one last interview. I went to meet with Col. Jules Thurn at the Air Base's Squadron. He was in Vietnam for one year and flew the F741. He flew on 235 missions, the second highest in the squad. Col. Thurn said to me that one of the events that he really looked forward to was Bob Hope, but unfortunately the Tuy Hoa Air Base that he was stationed at was not good enough to accommodate Bob Hope.

Like Col. Novak, Col. Thurn also lived in a hooch, but their hooches were only big enough for two men. They played many games in their living quarters. One such game was called Combat Frizbee. They used garbage can covers and throw them like a frizbee to the other end of the room bouncing them off the walls. The object of the game was to hit someone on the opposing team and put them out of the game by hitting them. Col. Thurn said this was one of the more dangerous games, but a lot of fun.

In the back part of their living quarters they took out some of the hooches and made a bar and club house. Back in the there they would gamble and who ever lost the most would get shot at with a fire extinguisher. another game that was played was Liar's Dice and Korean Dice. They were both about the same. They dealt with five dice and betting on a certain number of dice under a cup. You had three lives, once they were used up you had to buy the drinks.

Combat Crud was another game, but this was played on a pool table. This was also a very dangerous game that was played for drinks too. They did play soft ball when they could outside.

The food in Vietnam was always pork and boiled milk. Dried eggs were for breakfast. Every Thursday All the men would have to take malaria pills and then they would end up with diarrhea. After a while they pretended to take the pills just so they would not get sick.

Meeting women was part of their entertainment. They would all take a old bread van to the Phillipines to meet the girls. Some of the women were very attractive, but most of them ate beetle-nuts that made their teeth a very dark black. No matter how attractive the girls were this always turn the men off. The Chinese girls from Taipei and Thailand were the best as I was told. I guess they were very nice. When going over to Thailand to meet girls the men had a tradition. This tradition was that they always wore their baby elephant skin boots that were hand made. Everyone loved elephant skin boots because they were very comfortable.

There were also short vacations that the men were allowed to take. They were five days long and they got to go to any place that they wanted to for free. There was also a vacation that one would take called basket leave. This

was when the person in charge would hide your papers of leave until you came back so you could take more than one vacation.

There was a lot of jargon that Col. Thurn told me. For example:

Gouk- the Vietnamese
Crispy Critter- the Vietnamese were called
this when napalm was dropped
on them
Mama Son- the Vietnamese girls
Hooch Maid- the Vietnamese girlfriend
Candy Stripers- the American girls

The candy stripers and the Continental Air Line stewards, as I was told, were very pretty and expensive. They were over there to give the men a good time, but they were mostly very snobby and not real friendly. They were only there to make money. The girls from Continental were called the girls with golden tails.

On the pilots planes they lots of sayings and symbols. For every attack there were silhouettes of bombs. On other planes some would paint the flag of the country that they had successfully attacked. At Christmas time the maintenance crew would paint the bombs. They would make Christmas trees, Santa Claus, and other kinds of pictures on the bombs. When it was not Christmas they would make sayings on the bombs like: Kill a komie for mommie, Vietcon for lunch brunch, Killa kong for Christ, and Happy Mother's Day.

In the planes they had relief tubes just in case the pilot could not wait until they reached base again. Sometimes, as a joke, they would switch the tubes so if the pilot used these The urine would blow back out at them. Nobody really like using them so they had what they called pital packs. These were really used for blood, but they used these when they needed to and then they would let them hang out of the plane until they landed to empty them.

Among the squad everyone had nicknames for all the mountains and rivers. The mountains were all named after certain female anatomy. The rivers were just named for what they looked like. They were not always very clean names either.

In their G suits, the uniforms they wore, they carried two things. One item was a plastic wallet which they kept in it either a \$50 or \$100 dollar bill. The other item was a little tiny book that was written in about fifty different languages. It told who the pilots were and where they came from just in case they got lost or their plane crashed they would be able to communicate somewhat. They called these books pointy talkies because if they ever did get stranded they would point to different languages in the book to communicate.

One Friday night tradition was at the local bar. They

had a contest of how many body kills were there in the week. Whoever had the most would get the French 44. This was a gigantic drink with parts of brandy, vodka, and champagne. Another mixed drink that was popular was the Big O. This was vodka and tang and not very tasty. And then there was always beer.

The pilots themselves had nicknames that the enemy would call them like The Fliers, The Air Boys, and The Yankee Air Pilots, sometimes even The Rocky's Raiders because Rockefeller was the Vice President at the time of the war.

It seems like Col. Thurn's squadron was a lot more active and had a lot more fun than Col. Novak's squadron.

~~In Col. Thurn's squad they~~ Col. Thurn told me that the fighters have more fun. Col. Novak is a bomber while Col. Thurn is a fighter.

I was introduced to Col. Givens who was in World War II by one of my counselors. I am so glad that I had got to meet him because he gave really good information on World War II folklore. Mr. Givens, who is now Assistant Director of Residence Life at Buffalo State College., gave me two books to look at and take notes from. They were both called "There I Was" by Bob Stevens.

First of all there were many definitions that the books gave of terms used in World War II. I made a list of them:

- Buzz Job- (verb) to fly low "cut grass," final final maneuver practiced by many pilots no longer with the Air Force.
- Flat Hat- (verb) to stunt, show off, 'grandstand'. Derived from the old AAF custom of leveling the headgear of 'groundpounder' reviewing stand officers (archaic).
- Gadget- (noun) aviation cadet. Usually found in a position of aggravated brace. According to upperclassmen something lower than a snake's belly.
- S.O.S.- (acronym) polite form- 'slop on a shingle'- describing that mixture of creamed (hah!) chipped beef on toast. Usually served on a morning when you had a queasy stomach anyway.
- Clank Up- (verb) state of extreme agitation. Usually brought on by such statements as, "overseas, special mission, check ride, the C.O. wants to see you...etc.
- Fire Wall- (verb and noun) (1.) act of pulling 65. in of manifold pressure from an engine designed to give only 5⁰. (2.) section of the aircraft specially designed to allow all engine heat and smoke to fill cockpit.

- Figmo- (acronym) quaint old Anglo-Saxon expression used by "short-timers" to tell the neophytes what to do. Stands for "_____", I Got My Orders." (not polite form)
- Gaggle- (noun) a large number of anything headed in the same general direction in the same part of the sky. Often used to describe a USAAF tight formation.
- Scarf Up- (verb) from Vietnam. To grab, rescue, capture, as "scarfed up by the Jolly Green Giants." Unfortunately, can also be used as "scarfed up by the V.C."
- Clooge- (noun) (especially among missile men). Any improvised or make shift repair, using old tin cans, chewing gum, etc. to simulate first class work in tech order compliance. Usual results will not pass close'eyeball'.
- Prang- (verb) to damage an aircraft by contact with an immovable object- such as the ground. (noun) A loud noise accompanying the termination of an aircraft flight; usually preceded by a rapid descent.
- Raunchy- (noun) descriptive term usually applied to second Lt.'s, Airmen Basics, and Doolies at the USAF Academy. Contemporary use applies to some college students most rock and roll outfits and all hippies.

There were also some quotes that were used a lot during the War like:

" Once you have started falling, your first inclination may be to see how fast you can get that chute open. If this is your inclination-control it!"

" The important thing to remember is: do not risk damaging your chute by opening it at high speeds."

" Some pilots still believe that old fable about counting three when pulling. For our money that is just another rumor."

" Whenever possible wait until you get that 'old floating feeling'."

During World War II there were many poems that were said among each other in the Air Force. Here are a few:

1. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.
Disregard the small arms
Thanks to you, whom we admire
Those cotton-pickin fighter jocks will
fly, fly again.
2. Above, God-like, he pirouettes and whirls
As toward the guns, us fighter-jocks he hurls
And this we'd like to do as we attack-
Reach our hands and choke that bloody FAC
3. To tell the world in line-of-sight
That you're a horse's rear
Just mash the mike before you think,
And everyone will hear
4. When fighter-jocks misread their clocks
And don't fire on the hour
It gives this dude disquietude
And super pucker power
5. The good, the bad, the droll, the sad
Add up to war's perdition
For airmen, long-of-tooth or young
They're part of our tradition...
6. "The time has come," the artist said,
"To speak of many things...
The ups and downs of flying clowns,
And cannons wearing wings."

Two songs that were popular from World War II were also mentioned in the book. They are:

1. The Handsome Young Airman

A handsome young airman lay dying
And as on the airdrome he lay
Two mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words he did say:
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting rods out of my brain,
The crank-shift out of my backbone
And assemble the engine again."

2. Into the Air

Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Into the air, pilots true
Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Keep your nose up in the blue
And when you hear the engines roaring
And the steel props start to whine
Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force
Is on the fighting line.

There was one comic strip that was pretty popular called "Roger Rudder." It was made by a gaggle of troops who just returned from the Pacific. The story of Roger Rudder is about a hot-shot second looney who returns home with a jaundiced eye and a chip on his shoulder for "all those 4F's." He is supposed to convey right-to-the-point messages for home folks. At the end of my project I have included some of these comic strips.

For alcohol beverages they drank medicinal alcohol (190 proof) that would evaporate if cap was left off. To get it past the tongue was to cut it 50-50 with G.I. grapefruit juice. This drink- as rumored- was primarily responsible for the atom bomb.

Pilots, especially the Air Force type, had always been considered a special breed, with their own ways and eccentricities. They had their own way of doing things and their own brand of stubbornness. Speaking of stubbornness there is an old story of General Curtis Le May smoking near his aircraft and being confronted by an eager young guard

who admonished the old man that the aircraft might explode. Le May's classic reply: "It wouldn't dare, son."

Airmen are a sterling lot, well and rightly known for their intrepid spirit, for what they considered good and sufficient cause, they may turn a little bit crooked. Rolling down the runway with a dedicated (and probably short-lived) hero while one of the fans sputters and clanks can make a co-pilot wish he'd joined the quartetmaster corps.

War are one, they say, by the side that makes fewer mistakes. Obviously our valiant air leaders succeeded in forging a sharply-honed, well-oiled, high-g geared fighting machine able to rise above the drolleries perpetrated by the chowderheads in the mist. ~~The sequence involving the control tower is probably the oldest saw in aviation, but no story~~

At the Clarence Center Town Hall Historical Society I met with a Mr. Bill Wharam. The museum was full of Vietnam memorabilia including the Air Force. There was not much there for my project, but I did find it interesting to look at the different patches of the officers and helmets and things like that. But if I have not used any of that information for my collection project it was still good be aware of it for future references.

I'm sure I could probably go on forever with all the information I received, but sooner or later I will have to put an end to this paper. I really did not know what I was getting into when I picked this project, but after started it I found it very facinating. It was quite hard to research though and I think that I'm lucky that I got the information I did.

~~More~~^{My} paper contains more information on the Vietnam War than it does on World War II. I guess it is because it was much easier to find information and speak to people involved in it. I also find a difference between the two. The pilots did not have as many pranks or stories as did the pilots from Vietnam. The terms changed and were not the same for both wars. The only thing that did not really change were the songs. They were very similar. Although, I have given to you a song book from Col. Thurn's squadron which is very free with it's vocabulary. He was reluctant to give it to me for that very reason, but I told him that you would not mind the words so much.

I enjoyed every part of this project and I truly feel that it was an excellent experience, but only if you put effort into it. I feel I put a tremendous amount of effort into it and I know that I learned something valuable. It was an experience that I will always

remember and probably use in the future. The project itself was kind of complicated and time consuming, but to me, worth the while.

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The Folklore and Folklife of the Airforce

Vietnam-
Col. Navak



This was the ^{type of} plane Col. Kurt Navak flew
in the Vietnam War. The C130. It was
a cargo plane.

Patricia Garvey

April 26, 1990

FIGHTER PILOTS

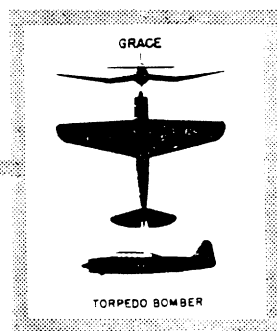
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
The place is full of queers
Navigators, Bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off to foreign shores
Making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on
He's reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
The place is full of brass
Sitting 'round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth!

Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation
But increase the population
Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty but it's nice!



*Above, god-like, he pirouettes and whirls
As toward the guns, us fighter-jocks he hurls.
And this we'd like to do as we attack—
Reach out our hands and choke that bloody FAC!*

CO-PILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: The Cowboy's Lament)

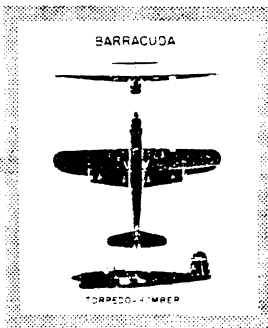
I'm the co-pilot. I sit on the right
It's up to me to be quick and bright
I never talk back or I'll have regrets
And I must remember what the captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting
And fly the old craft when the captain is snoring.

I take the readings and adjust the power
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower
Tell where we are on the darkest night
And do all the book work without any light.

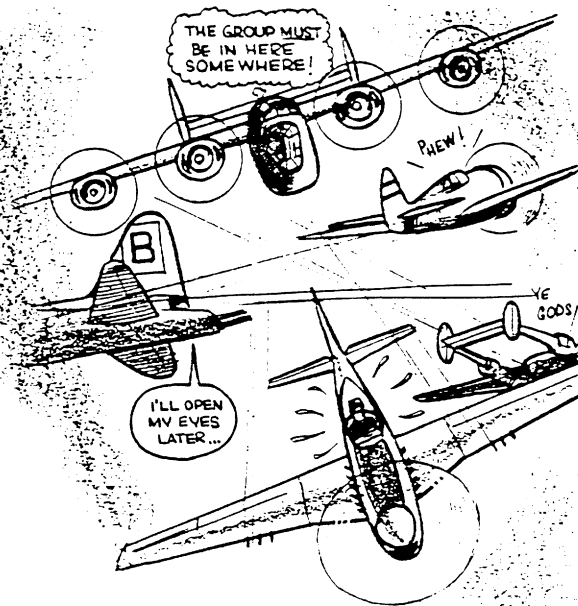
I call for my captain and buy him Cokes
I always laugh at his corny jokes
And once in a while when his landings are rusty
I come through with "Gawd, but it's gusty!"

All in all, I'm a general stooge
As I sit to the right of this overall Scrooge
But maybe some day with great understanding
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.



*To sleep, perchance to dream. Aye, there's the rub—
I cannot beat the major with a club!
With all his wrinkles, bags, and rank,
I cannot say. "You and this whole trip stank!"*

THE AIR OVER EUROPE COULD GET PRETTY CLUTTERED AT TIMES:



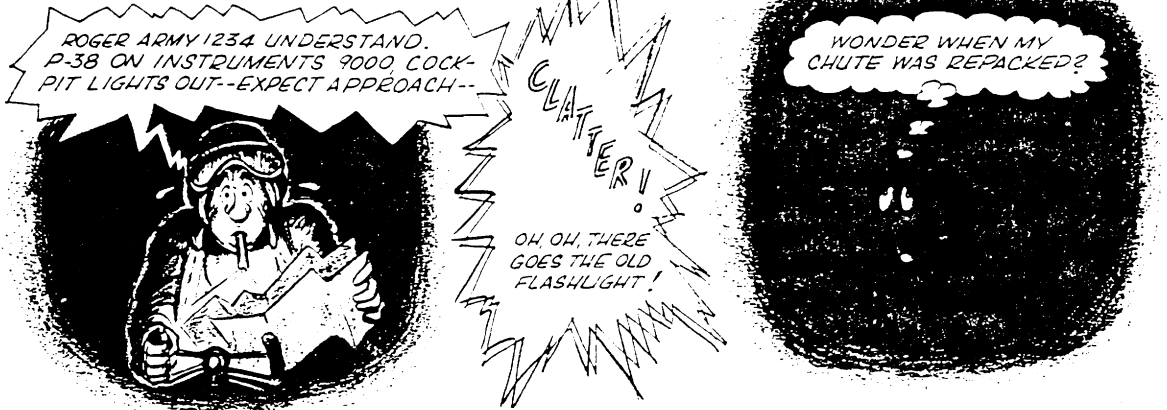
THE "GATHERING OF THE CLAN" AT A TYPICAL BRITISH BUNCHER BEACON.

THE UNSEEN AUDIENCE -

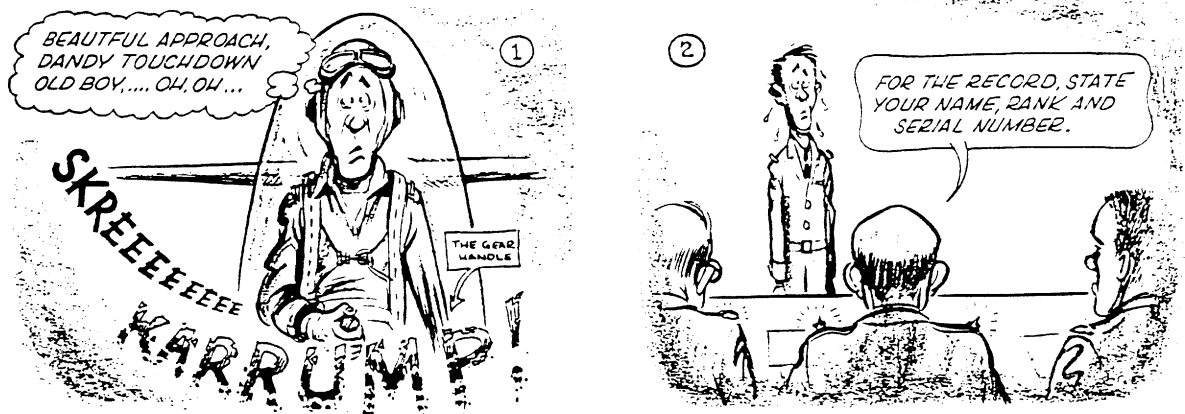


Random Moments of Terror

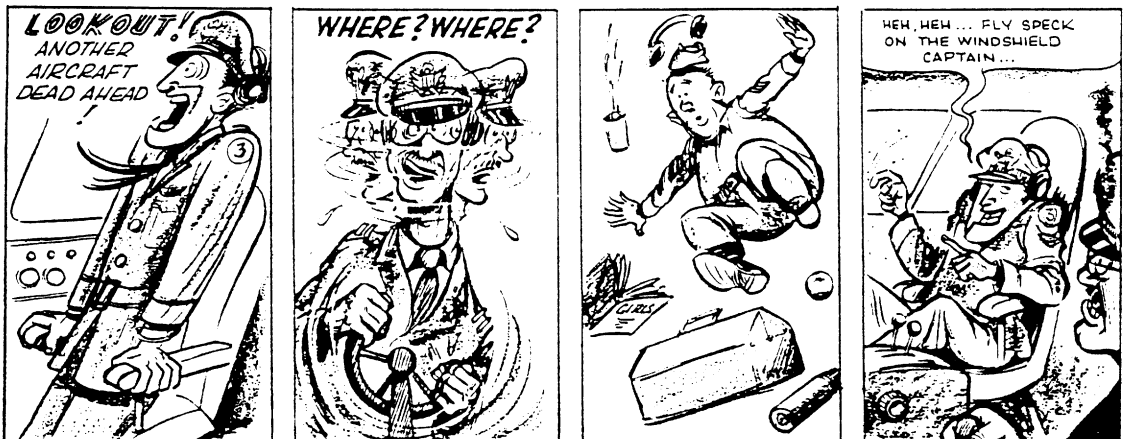
THE DROPPED FLASHLIGHT BIT:



THE "WHAT-THE-HELL-IS-THAT-HORN?" DRAMA:



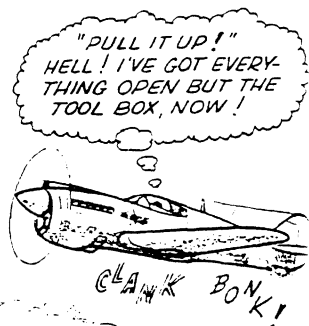
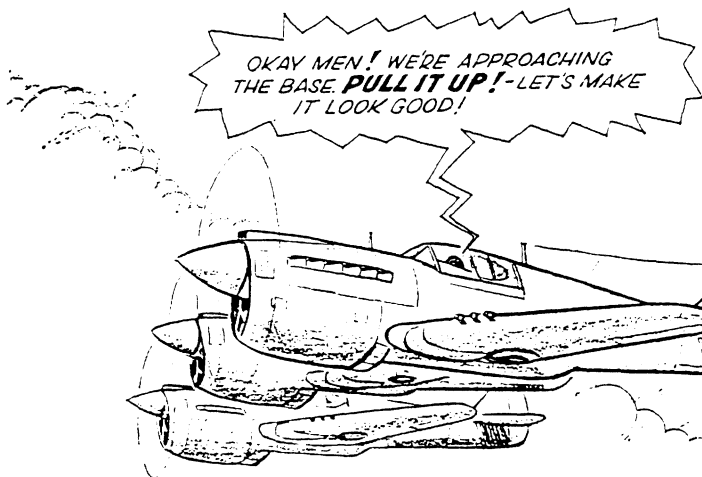
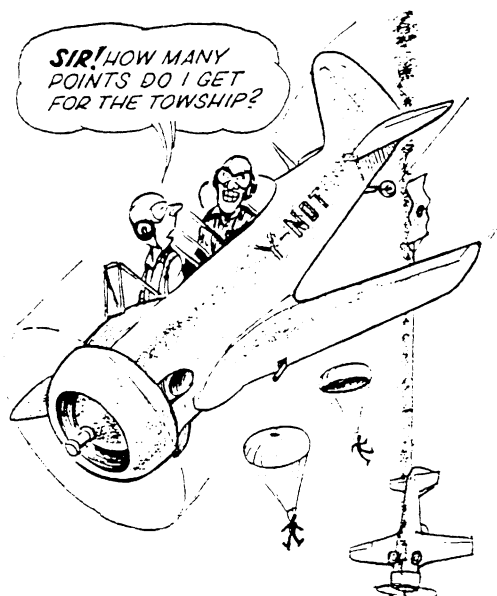
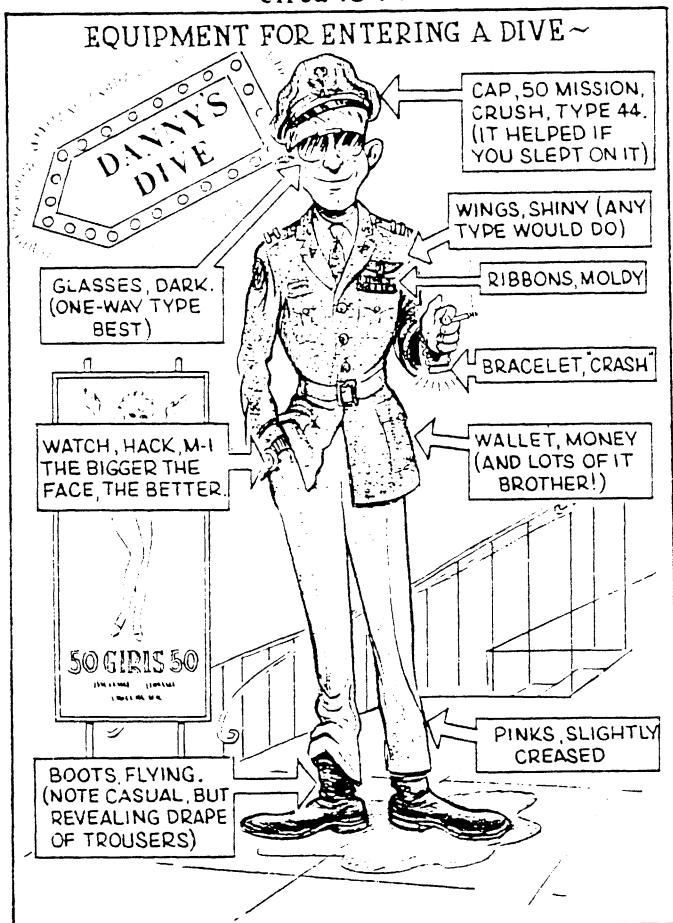
THE "NEAR MISS" EXPERIENCE:



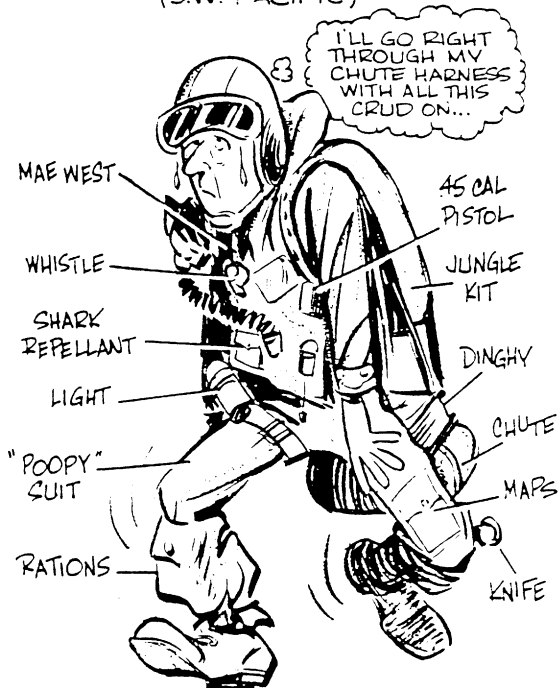
THE 'COMPLEAT' AVIATOR

circa 1944

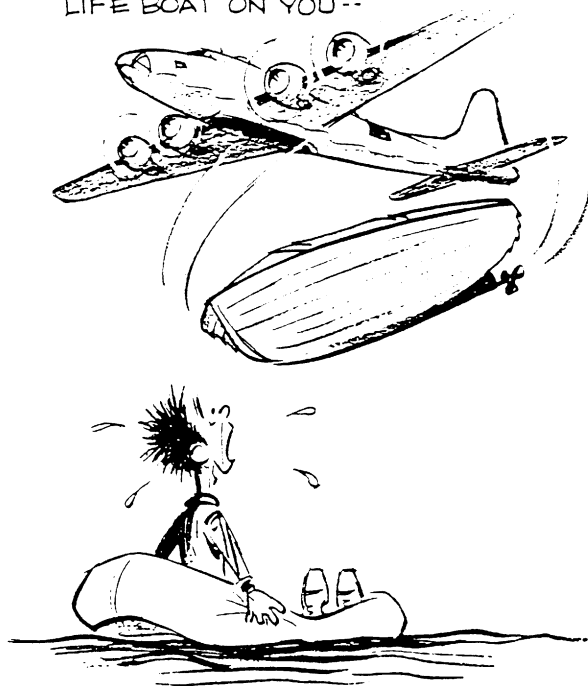
EQUIPMENT FOR ENTERING A DIVE ~



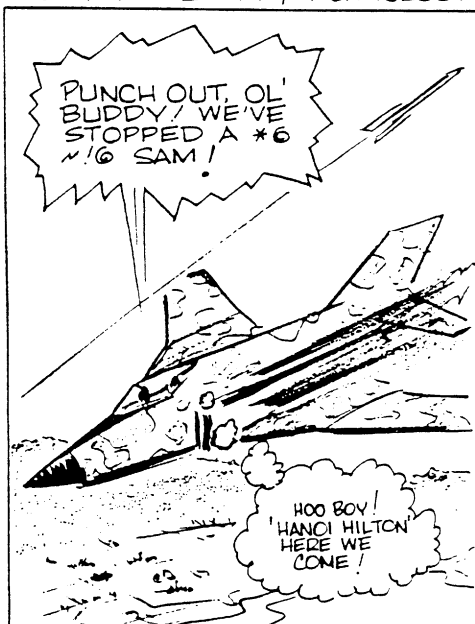
WW II FIGHTER PILOT SURVIVAL GEAR (S.W. PACIFIC)



IF YOU SURVIVED THE CHUTE
OPENING SHOCK, A CONVERTED
B17 ("DUMBO") MIGHT DROP A WHOLE
LIFE BOAT ON YOU --



TODAY IN VIETNAM, TECHNOLOGY HAS MADE RESCUE ALMOST ROUTINE --- ALMOST



1946 - TASK FORCE 152 IS EN ROUTE TO BIKINI FOR THE A-BOMB TESTS.... AH, BIKINI!



- THEN THEY LANDED!

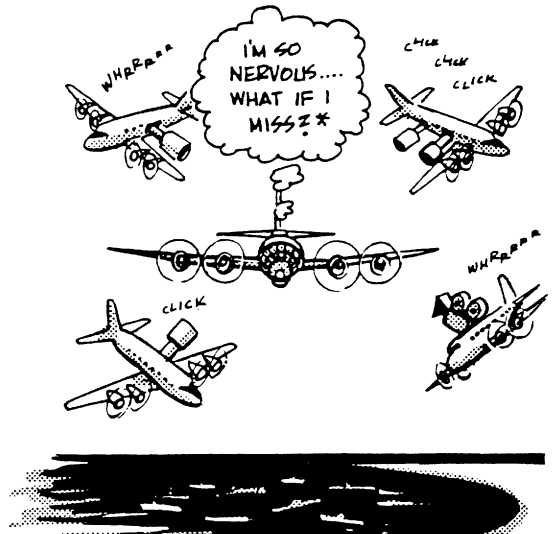


THE MAIN TOPIC AT THE CLUB BARS WAS-

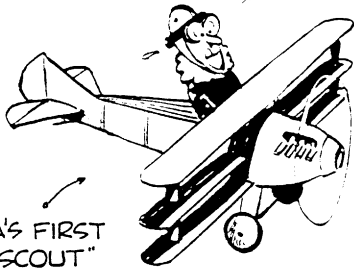


KWAJALEIN DRESS: PITH HELMET, SHORTS and BOONDOCKERS (PONCHOS WERE ALSO FASHIONABLE!)

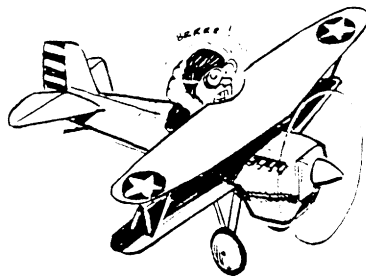
ABLE DAY 1 JULY 1946 - WHILE THOUSANDS WATCHED 'DAVE'S DREAM' - A B-29-DROPPED THE BOMB ON A CAPTIVE TARGET FLEET -



* HE DID! - BUT IN A-BOMB DISTANCES, NOT SO FAR YOU'D NOTICE.



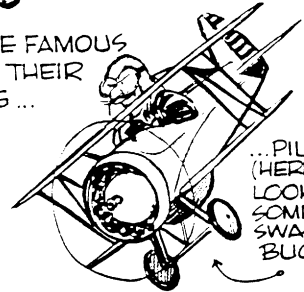
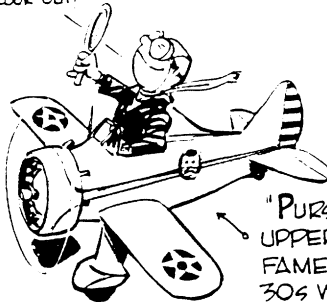
AMERICA'S FIRST "SPEED SCOUT" WAS THE C-3 TRIPE. IT TOOK A PRETTY GOOD SCOUT TO GO UP IN ONE.



THE FIRST U.S. FIGHTERS PRODUCED IN QUANTITY WERE THE P-1 and P-6 "HAWKS." THEY FLEW ON 50-OCTANE; THE PILOTS ON 100 PROOF.

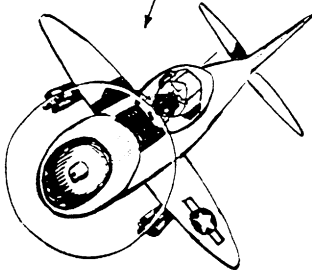
LATER CAME THE FAMOUS P-12 SERIES WITH THEIR SWASH-BUCKLING ...

RICHARD ARLEN,
LOOK OUT!

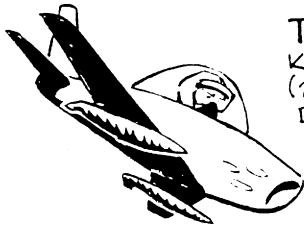


...PILOTS.
(HERE'S ONE
LOOKING FOR
SOMEONE'S
SWASH TO
BUCKLE)

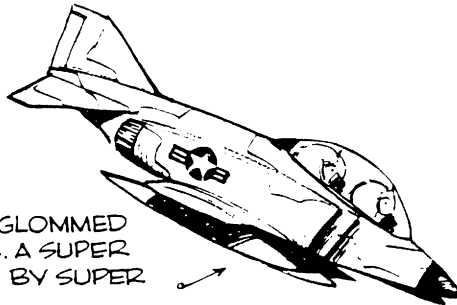
TYPICAL OF THE WW II FIGHTERS WAS THE P-47 'JUG.' BUILT LIKE A TANK WITH GLIDE RATIO TO MATCH.



"PURSUITS" LOST THEIR UPPER WING and GAINED FAME IN THE MOVIES OF THE 30s WITH THE P-26 PEASHOOTERS.



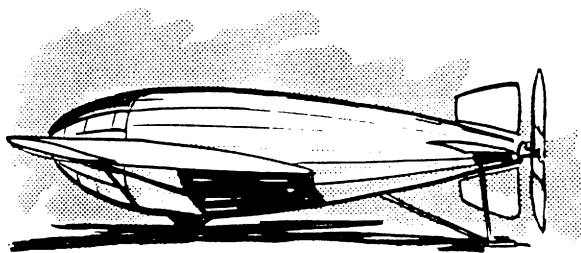
THE F-86 SABRE KEPT THE NORTH KOREANS (and OTHERS) HONEST DURING THE 50s.



EVERYBODY GLOMMED ONTO THE F-4. A SUPER BIRD FLOWN BY SUPER JOCKS!

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR THE F-15!

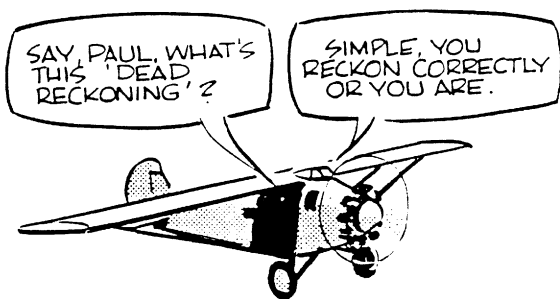
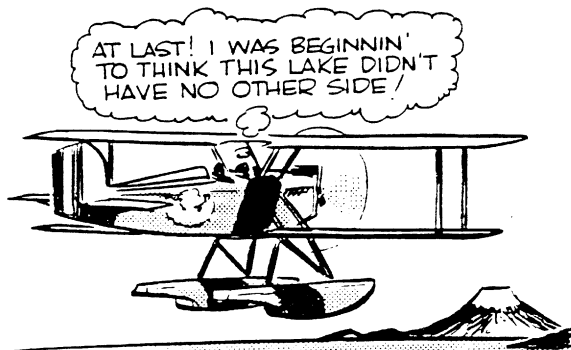
POOR ROBERT'S 'ALMANACK'



1912-A BUMPER CROP OF NEW AIRCRAFT COMPANIES SPRING UP. AMONG THE MORE NOTABLE WERE: CRUMLEY MULTPLANE CO., 'PEEKSKILL HYDROSEROPLANE CO.', 'REIFLIN HEADLESS AEROPLANE CO.' (IT'S A FACT!)

THIS WAS THE 'BULLET' BUILT BY THE GALLAUDET ENGINEERING CO., SAID TO BE CAPABLE OF FLYING *100 mph!* (WITH A TAILWIND)

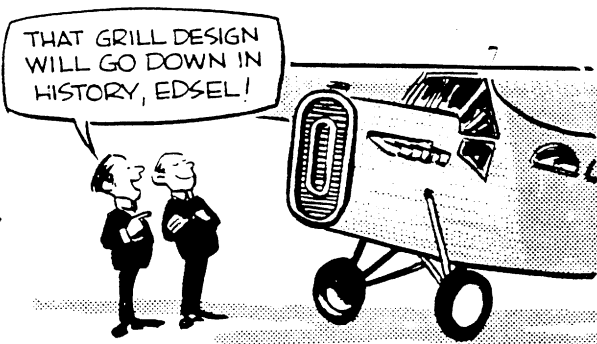
JUNE 2, 1924-U.S. ARMY 'WORLD CRUISERS' BUILT BY DOUGLAS REACH JAPAN (THEY MADE IT CLEAR AROUND THE GLOBE, TOO - IN *175 DAYS!*)



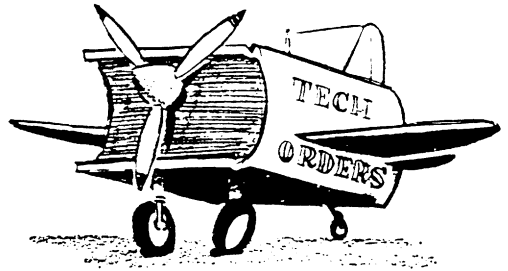
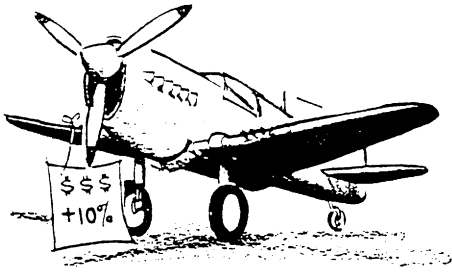
AUG 17, 1927- MARTIN JENSEN AND CAPT. PAUL SCHLUTER FLYING THE WRIGHT-POWERED 'ALOHA' ARE SECOND - *AND LAST* - IN THE DOLE OAKLAND-TO-HONOLULU RACE!

(OF 8 ENTRANTS, 4 CRASHED ON TAKEOFF AND 2 WERE LOST AT SEA... HOW ABOUT *THAT* FOR ODDS?!)

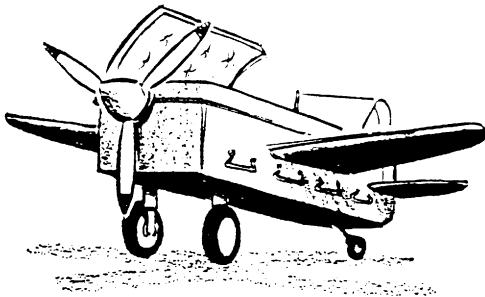
1929 FORD MOTOR CO., AIRPLANE DIV., EDSSEL FORD PRESIDENT, BUILDS 5-AT MODEL TRI-MOTOR - LATEST IN A LONG SERIES THAT STARTED WITH THE LIBERTY-POWERED STOUT 2-AT



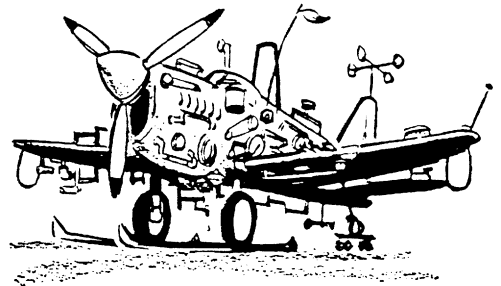
That magnificent WWII flying machine of yours — as seen by:
The manufacturer- Your crew chief-



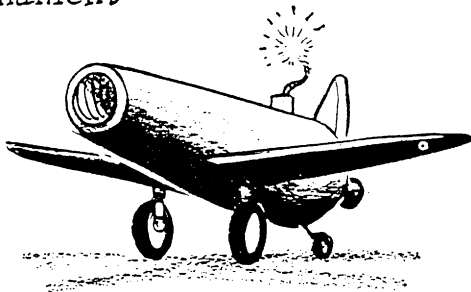
The Flying Safety Officer-



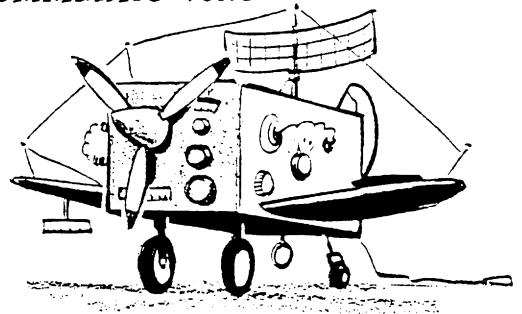
Supply-



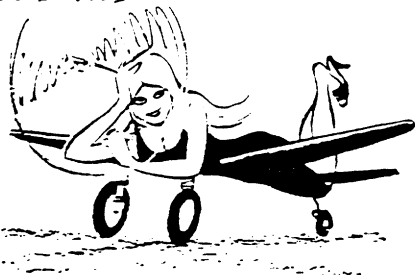
Armament-



Communications-



Your wife-



... and you -

